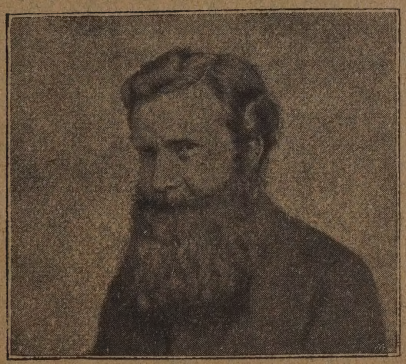
Tozet

MISSION HEROES.

BISHOP TOZER

BY

A WORKER IN THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA



LONDON:
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; 43, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
BRIGHTON: 129, North Street.
New York: E. & J. B. YOUNG AND CO.

MISSION HEROES.

BISHOP TOZER.

BY

A WORKER IN THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE TRACT COMMITTEE.

LONDON:
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.;
43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
BRIGHTON: 129, NORTH STREET.
NEW YORK: E. & J. B. YOUNG AND CO.
1902.

NOTE.

MORE details of the work to which Bishop Tozer gave his life may be found in "The History of the Universities' Mission," by E. Anderson Morshead. Published by U.M.C.A., 9, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, S.W.

BISHOP TOZER.

WILLIAM GEORGE TOZER was born at Teignmouth in Devonshire, in 1829, his father being a solicitor in very large practice. In 1843, he was sent to Ilminster School. As a boy at school Tozer, so a contemporary recalls, was not clever at books, but a conscientious worker. He and his brother were noted for practical jokes; on one occasion the two young fellows thought a certain octagon church, which the family attended, would be improved, if not surrounded by galleries, so without any authority, having got into the church one night, with some carpenters and their tools, they removed two of the bays, and strange to say, the improvement was so obvious that no one complained. Each churchwarden thought his colleague ought to have consulted him before taking such an important step, and the end of it was that every one laughed, and no one appealed to the courts. In case of matters becoming serious, the two youths intended to take refuge in France until the storm had blown over. From Ilminster, W. G. Tozer went up to St. John's College, Oxford. At Christ Church, he used to meet Lewin Pennell, afterwards to be his fellow-worker in Africa, and Liddon, the future theologian. He took his degree in 1851, and on leaving Oxford he went to Wells Theological College, where he made many friends for himself and for his future work.

It must have been while he was at Wells that he built a chapel at Luton, in the parish of Bishopteignton. From Wells, in 1854, he was ordained to the Curacy of St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square. Thence, after three years, he moved into Lincolnshire, and shortly afterwards was appointed by Bishop Jackson to the Vicarage of Burgh-cum-Winthorpe. Here, he found full scope for his characteristic energy. His neighbour at Little Steeping, Dr. Steere, once said of him: "Tozer sticks at nothing, and succeeds in everything."

It was while in the midst of his work at Burgh that the call came to higher responsibilities and a more arduous sphere. The Universities' Mission to Central Africa had been founded some three years previously, in answer to Dr. Livingstone's famous appeals at Oxford and Cambridge. Bishop Mackenzie (whose memoir was one of the earliest in this series) had been consecrated the first head of this mission on Jan. 1, 1861, but within a year of his arrival in Central Africa, he, and two of his clergy, with the medical member of the Mission, had fallen victims to the climate, while by this time, nearly all the remainder of the original staff had to be sent home to save their lives. It was, then, to lead this forlorn hope, as it might have seemed, that Tozer was now called. After consultation with Dr. Steere, a friend and neighbour, Tozer accepted the Bishopic, and besides Dr. Steere, the Rev. C. A. Alington with one or two others, decided to accompany him to Africa. Bishop Tozer was consecrated on Feb. 2, 1863, in Westminster Abbey, by Archbishop Longley, Bishop Gray of Capetown, and the Bishops of Oxford, Lincoln, and Montreal. In view of the central fact of his episcopate, the removal of the mission to Zanzibar, it is interesting to remember that one of his consecrators, Bishop Jackson, preaching shortly afterwards at King's College, Cambridge, said: "It will be for him who now leads the mission to watch patiently and wisely the indications of the Divine Will and either to live and die in persevering, and hopeful, even though they may seem thankless labours; or, with a courage, greater perhaps than would be demanded by

martyrdom, to withdraw from a post no longer tenable for God, and to turn elsewhere the peaceable invasion of the Gospel."

Before the end of June Bishop Tozer had arrived in the Shiré district, where the first venture for the Faith had been made under Bishop Mackenzie. He found Magomero an impossible place for a settlement of European missionaries; they could hardly hope to live there long enough even to learn the language of the country. Moreover, nearly all the reasons for going to that particular neighbourhood had disappeared. Famine and tribal wars had decimated or scattered nearly all the original adherents of the Mission. Feeling that the only chance of living in that district would be at a higher altitude, Tozer attempted to re-occupy the old country from the heights of Morumbala, but this proving quite impracticable, the question of a move to an entirely fresh basis forced itself upon him. Thus at length, after consultation with Bishop Grey in Capetown, and not without the approval of the home committee, Zanzibar was selected as the most favourable point from which to bring the Gospel to bear on the tribes of Central Africa.

Zanzibar, on an island of the same name, fifty miles long by nineteen in its greatest width, is a large town facing the mainland, some thirty miles distant, six degrees south of the Equator. It may seem strange that Bishop Tozer and his companions should have moved so far from the original scene and have settled on an island. But there are very few large towns in the interior of Central Africa—a country then all but unknown to Europeans. When you are on the march inland you may be told there is a town on the hill in front of you. You may see its name on the map; you are told the chief's name; and when you get there you find three houses—that is a town. One man has three goats where the others only have two, so he is the chief of the town. Such are many of the towns and their chiefs in the interior.

All the principal towns of East Africa are situated on islands, *e.g.* Zanzibar, Mombasa, Lamu, Mozambique.

Probably when they were founded it was considered desirable to have a strip of sea between one's town and the wild tribes of the interior. In Tozer's time the population of Zanzibar was perhaps 100,000. Some suppose there are now in the island 250,000 people. Although it was then a town little known outside Central Africa and Arabia, except to a few merchants, it was doubtless spoken of by the natives of the Shiré district and Morumbala as their capital. The average native of East Africa still imagines the world to consist of Africa and Ulaya (the Europeans' country). His land has one large town—Zanzibar; ours has two—London and Bombay.

Zanzibar was not only a capital with a large population (it has been stated that it was then the third largest town south of the Equator), but it was the chief commercial centre of East and Central Africa. Every trading expedition into the interior started from there, and when explorers began to penetrate these unknown regions, Zanzibar was their basis. It will have been noticed that Stanley, even when proposing to enter the Continent from the other side, visited Zanzibar first for his porters and outfit. The interior of Central Africa was better known in Zanzibar than in any other place in the world. Moreover, Zanzibar was the centre of government. We are accustomed now to a map of Africa largely coloured with European spheres of influence; but then the only authority known outside the limited districts of tribal influence was that of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The writer can well remember, when the fever for Central African territory first became acute, how a military officer (who has since become one of the most noted generals of the day) came out to Zanzibar on a delimitation commission. He told us they had called at every port going down the coast to ask the same question: "How far does his Highness the Sultan's dominions extend from here?" and in each case received the same answer: "For six months' journey to the westward." The fact that they only allowed the poor man a limit of ten miles need not blind our eyes to the truth that the authority of the

Sultan of Zanzibar had previously been acknowledged for a very considerable distance into the interior. Lastly, Zanzibar was the centre of the slave-trade. Not only did slave dhows call there every day on their way from different coast ports to Arabia, Persia, Egypt, etc., but it possessed itself the largest slave-market in the world. Here, then, seemed to be the most natural place in which to plant the only anti-slavery society which could free Central Africa—the Church of Christ.

Accordingly, the headquarters of the Universities' Mission was moved by Bishop Tozer from the Shiré Valley to Zanzibar. We of the present generation are quite content that this step was the wisest step which could, under the circumstances, have been taken. We recognize that Bishop Tozer secured for the centre of the Universities' Mission the centre of Central Africa; but at the time the move was too often spoken of as a retreat, and for most of Tozer's episcopate, criticism was generally adverse. Livingstone never approved of the move; many of the early friends of the Mission withdrew their support, and travellers took a cruel delight in describing how they found "the Bishop of Central Africa so-called amusing himself with a few choir-boys on an island off the coast." It must indeed, for the open-hearted Bishop, have been harder to bear than "martyrdom;" and when, after several years of arduous labour, amid obloquy and ill-health, he had to return a broken-down man, one can easily imagine how it was he could for long never bear to hear the name of Zanzibar mentioned; and it became almost a monomania with him to cut himself off from every connection with his former sphere, in which he had undergone such sufferings both of mind and body.

Bishop Tozer and Dr. Steere arrived at Zanzibar in August, 1864, and were kindly received by the English Consul, Colonel Playfair. With his help they were very shortly able to make an arrangement with the Sultan for the upper part of a good-sized house, facing the sea; to be devoted, as they thought, permanently to the purposes of the mission.

As a matter of fact, the mission subsequently moved to the slave-market, more in the native quarter, and this house (Shangani) has now become probably the best-known house to Europeans in Central Africa—the new British Consulate. Here, then, at the key to the whole of East Central Africa, they settled down for a time, Bishop Tozer writing soon after his arrival, "I wish it always to be remembered that I did not select Zanzibar as absolutely a very good or promising field for mission labour, but as the best for ultimately reaching Central Africa." Services had been held in the Consulate, the Bishop on the first Sunday after their arrival (September 4th) preaching from the text, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" As soon as the mission-house was acquired, one room in it was set apart as the chapel. In Central Africa, as in so many other parts of the world, direct mission work was preceded by ministrations offered to our own fellow-countrymen, but as soon as the missionaries could understand a few words of the natives, attention was turned to them.

From the beginning Bishop Tozer foresaw the necessity of training up a native ministry. In any part of the heathen world the white missionaries should only serve the office of corks to float the black net; but in Central Africa this is doubly a necessity, where in less than forty years the Mission has lost six bishops, twenty-seven clergy, and forty-six lay workers. At first, when Bishop Tozer thought about beginning a school, he felt some difficulty in knowing where he should get his scholars from. He little imagined that he would soon have the offer of more than he could possibly receive. The first five boys were given by the Sultan himself from a confiscated slave dhow. Soon British cruisers began to bring in freed slaves.

One evening, on May 14, 1865, a rumour spread through Zanzibar that an Arab vessel, called a dhow, was going to sail with a large number of slaves. The news was quickly taken to one of the British men-of-war, whose especial duty it was to try and stop the slave-trade. Two boats, the pinnace and first cutter, well

manned and armed, at once started to keep a look-out. After some ineffectual search, they were just hoisting the sail again when they saw a vessel coming round a point a little distance off. They soon saw that it was a large dhow, with her sail half-set, apparently looking for something. She did not see the cutter until she was about two hundred yards from it; but directly she did she commenced firing, at the same time making the best of her way off. The cutter proved, however, the fastest sailer of the two, and after about a mile's chase had got so close that they were preparing to run in and board her, when suddenly the pinnace appeared right in front of the dhow; the crews of both boats boarded almost at the same time. For about ten minutes a desperate hand-to-hand fight went on, but the Arabs were obliged to yield to the cutlasses of the English sailors. Most of the crew jumped into the sea, and succeeded in the darkness in cutting loose a boat from the stern of the dhow, and escaping in her. The victory, however, was not gained without a sad loss; the coxswain of the pinnace, who was the first to jump on board, was killed, and three officers and eight men were seriously wounded.

The cutter and the pinnace soon made their way back with their prize and their wounded men to their own ship. Next day the captain called on Bishop Tozer, and told him that, if he would go with him to Seychelles, where the slaves were to be liberated, he should have some of the orphan children to train up in his school with the five others which the Sultan had already entrusted to him. The Bishop gladly consented, and, curiously enough, as well as much to his surprise, when he reached Seychelles he found his sister Helen had just arrived there with a friend, on their way to join him at Zanzibar, and help in any work which he might find for them to do. Thus, by the providence of God, all things were made to work together for the furtherance of the plan which the Bishop had so much at heart. We need not say how glad Miss Tozer and her friend (Miss A. Jones) were to find that they could at once enter upon the work they had been looking forward to. Miss Tozer's own

letters enable us most thoroughly to realize the scenes amidst which they so unexpectedly found themselves. She thus describes the first reception of freed slaves by the Universities' Mission—a work of mercy which has since tended wonderfully to the furtherance of the Gospel.

"The slaves were to come on shore at once, and Captain Cornish Bowden asked us to walk down to another pier a little farther on to see the first 'cargo' landed. I went down with him, and the Bishop and some of the officers of the boat came ashore with its dusky load. How can I describe that landing? Tenderly lifting the tiny baby things out, with rough, kindly words, the sailors set them down, and they squatted patiently on the ground—some no more than three years old, but the most about six. Then came a poor little girl wounded in the battle, lifted so tenderly in a carpet by the sailors. Then I saw the Bishop handing out a mother and baby, the great tearful eyes looking wildly round as she clutched her child close. It was almost too dark to see their faces, but the sight of those fifty little creatures squatting round so patiently was quite touching, and I think you would have done as I did—sit down and cry. This morning I am to go up there, and choose my little ones. The Bishop says it is impossible to describe the kindness shown to the slaves by the officers and men, and the week the poor souls have been on board they have grown quite fat. One of the officers told me when they took them out of the dhow they only had two feet of space to live in—I mean in height—packed in as close as if they had been logs of wood. Only fancy what the older ones must have suffered! And all they had to live on was uncooked rice.

"The next day, Ascension Day, after church, at eleven, the Bishop took me down to choose my own children, as we were to have the first selection. It was a most difficult work; one longed to have them all. But I was only to have five boys and nine girls, so we divided them as well as we could into tribes, and chose the boys first and then the girls. They are all very happy, and have plenty to eat, and the Bishop and I go down and see

them every day, and he talks to them. They will live where they are till we go home, and then my fourteen little ones go with us, and begin, I hope, and learn something."

Another letter tells us of the arrival at Zanzibar, and how the plans for the school prospered.

"Zanzibar, June 26, 1865.

"On Wednesday morning, the 20th, I came in sight of my new home, already so dear to me. We had hardly anchored when the Consul arrived to welcome us. Such kind partings on board! The children were fondled and loaded with presents; Mrs. Seward came down to the landing-place to receive me, and walked with our whole procession to the Mission House. Dr. Steere had come on board with the Consul, and you will believe what a satisfaction it was to meet! Little black faces peered anxiously from the room; and as soon as the Bishop called 'Njooni watoto wangu' ('Come, my children'), down the nine little fellows came flying on the terrace, seizing the Bishop's hands and kissing them, and saying to me, 'Good morning, ma'am,' as they had been taught. They call me, as they do all ladies, 'Bibi,' which, I believe, really means grandmother, and I accept the name gladly. At this moment seven girls are seated hemming some handkerchiefs. The boys, having finished their lessons, are gone to bathe with Dr. Steere."

The children proved very teachable, and the school gradually grew by fresh additions. Mission work for some months went on quietly and happily, and in this Mission House the first seeds of Christianity for a large part of Central Africa were duly sown and watered. It was soon after the additions to their party from the Seychelles Islands that Bishop Tozer used a fund at his disposal, contributed by friends he made at Wells Theological College, and so called the Wells-Tozer Fund, to buy a piece of ground at Kiinua Mguu, a mile and a half out of Zanzibar, where the college, so well known to all friends of the U.M.C.A. as St. Andrew's or Kiungani, has since been raised. Another purchase was made later

of land at Mbweni, where for many years the only girls' boarding school in the Mission flourished. The first results are thus recorded in another of Miss Tozer's letters.

"August 23, 1865.

"The Bishop is at his pleasant work—the creation of a font for to-morrow's delightful service. Our nine little lads of the first set are to be baptized at 6.30 a.m., St. Bartholomew's Feast. The font is a large new metal basin, set in a box draped in white, and covered with flowers. This stands on a pedestal covered with scarlet cloth and gold border. The children are taking a most intelligent part in all, and I have been for days reading, and then explaining, to them the baptismal service. They all understand who they are called after."

"August 24.

"This day, Feast of St. Bartholomew, so long looked forward to, dawned at last, at five o'clock, in a perfect calm—one of those tropical still days that portend a change in the monsoon; but the sunrise colouring was lovely, and at half-past five the house was up, and I heard the Bishop in every part in turn, dressing his boys in their snow-white kanzus. The west end of the chapel was cleared of chairs, and the white daïs took up nearly a third of the width. On either side, on their little low chairs, sat the boys at the beginning of the service—at least, the nine catechumens; the five others were in their places at the east end.

"You will think the offertory (£20 2*s*) large for ten people, but we rarely get less than from £10 to £20 on any special occasion. The Consul is a tower of strength, and we missed him sadly to-day."

The Bishop, writing on the same subject, says—

"It is a day much to be remembered by all Central African Mission sympathizers. We know well, from past experience, how to sympathize in sorrow, and now we have, through God's great and undeserved mercy, to share in the great joy which yesterday's early service has brought us.

"The dear little band of native Christians are all that I could wish, and their conduct and behaviour at the font was strikingly devout."

However busy the little band of early workers were in the island of Zanzibar, still the mainland of Central Africa was never forgotten, and there, too, in what is now the German sphere of influence, Bishop Tozer had the privilege of first planting the Church.

The most accessible and favourable district at first seemed the country of Usambara, a little to the north of Zanzibar. Its ports of Pangani and Tanga were in frequent communication with the capital, and the people were friendly. There, then, in 1867, Bishop Tozer sent up his old Lincolnshire friend, Rev. C. A. Alington, on an exploring expedition. It seemed at first as if Vuga, the residence of a powerful chief called Khimweri, might prove a suitable site for the future Mission station, and letters were obtained from the Sultan to Khimweri, recommending him to allow them to build there. Vuga, however, through tribal complications, and the chief's suspicious nature, lost the privilege proposed to it, and Magila in the Bondei country, rather nearer the coast, was chosen instead. Here Alington cleared ground, built a house, and laid the foundations of what has since become one of the most flourishing stations in East Africa. Magila is now the head station of a district containing many hundreds of Christians; it has long given its name to an archdeaconry, and we look forward to the day when it may become an Episcopal See.

Bishop Tozer paid several visits to the Usambara country, and was able to send up from time to time fresh workers—the Rev. L. Frazer, the Rev. S. Davis, and others.

In 1866, both the Bishop and his sister were in such poor health that they were obliged to return home, the latter permanently. Meantime, home affairs had been put into excellent order, and the Bishop had the pleasure of showing some of the fruits of his work in four black Christian lads, who were trained in the village school at Over Stowey, while the Bishop had to travel about. In

April, 1868, they returned, and with them Rev. L. Frazer, and the Rev. L. Pennell, who, coming from Bishop Tozer's Devonshire neighbourhood, was soon to prove one of his most valued fellow-workers. Dr. Steere, generally the life and soul of the work in Zanzibar, had meantime, in varied ways, brought mission work in the island to a high state of efficiency.

On August 23rd, the four boys who had visited England were confirmed, and the next day St. Bartholomew's, the anniversary of the first baptism three years ago, was the happy day of the first Communion of our native Christians. By the end of that year there were forty-one boys in the Mission School representing seventeen tribes, and Mr. Pennell was able to write of them, "The boys are not a whit behind English boys of the same age in power of understanding: and they take in religious truth with astonishing facility."

Life at the Mission House in Zanzibar was for the most part very uneventful, we had almost said monotonous. One day passed much like another, with its customary round of duties and occupations. Beyond the arrival of a ship, or better still, of a bag of letters from home, there was little to create excitement, or to vary the tenor of the daily course. But in 1869, the usual evenness and quiet of the Mission party were very roughly and very painfully disturbed. Towards the close of the year, a very terrible visitation of cholera swept over the land and raged in and about Zanzibar for some weeks, with fearful severity, carrying off many thousands of the inhabitants. The Bishop wrote—

"The cholera has come to the town for the first time, and many deaths are reported.

"By the beginning of December the number of deaths had risen frightfully, though chiefly among the poorer classes, the negroes and the Comoro men. The Sultan has ordered Litanies, which perambulate the town daily in solemn and mournful procession. It is very sad to sit still and not do anything for those who are dying around us; but yet I feel that we cannot attempt anything. As it is, our number is only just sufficient for our

work, and we know not what may be in store for us. But with an increased staff what an opportunity such a visitation might furnish us as missionaries!

"Just after I had written the above our good Frazer arrived from the mainland, and we were overjoyed to welcome him, knowing how severe the cholera was there. Though tired after his journey he seemed bright and well, and we spent almost the whole of the afternoon talking over all that had happened since we parted.

"This was Saturday, December 4th, and he agreed to take the service at the Shamba next day. But, in God's ordering, that was not to be, and we were to have our share of the universal sorrow and trial.

"He did not come to chapel in the evening, feeling weary. At ten, he was seized with what proved to be an attack of cholera. Eventually I remained up the whole night with him. Next morning the doctor thought badly of the case. Throughout his illness, which lasted six days, he was very restless, but complained of no pain, and appeared to be never quite conscious. He passed away to his rest on Friday, December 10th, at four in the morning.

"All this time the disease has been raging in the town, you may imagine what a trying time it has been. During Frazer's illness, one of our little boys, Peter Chingama, after eating his dinner as usual at one, came to my room not quite the thing, was speedily attacked, and was a corpse at half-past eight.

"At such a time every slight symptom in the children makes one timid. Last night was the first for some time that I have not been disturbed, and very welcome and refreshing the rest was."

Of their Christmas Festival, the Bishop wrote—

"It passed off far better than might have been thought possible. The evening of Christmas Day itself, was saddened by the seizure of a second little sufferer, Yusuf M'junga. He died next day. Just at noon, and some little while after we had said the Commendatory Prayer for him, his large full eyes looking

at us very peacefully, he left us for Paradise. It was in a way sad, but yet very sweet; the sun shining so bright; the day, the First Martyr's Festival; and the whole house looking on in silent awe.

"The silence presently was broken; the little boys said, 'M'junga has gone up to Jesus,' pointing with their fingers to the sky. How could one sorrow much?

"We went down to chapel at 4.30 and sang, after the lesson, 'When our hearts are bowed with woe.' And then the funeral procession went through the town singing, 'O Paradise.'"

On the Feast of the Purification, the anniversary of Bishop Tozer's consecration, George Farajallah and John Swedi, were appointed sub-deacons. This revival of the subdiaconate Bishop Tozer felt strongly would help to prepare his native students for higher orders in the ministry eventually. and he took great pains to make it a reality to them. Alas! George fell a victim to cholera very shortly after his admission to office. John Swedi though has for many years been the senior native clergyman of the Mission. From the first Bishop Tozer had set his heart on having his native ministry, native in character as well as in name. These were his words in writing to the Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity in Oxford, under date, March, 1869:—

"It is no civilization, it is merely a hindrance to do away with everything connected with the nationality of the converts. Not even in the native minister should his conversion to Christianity have made any sensible change in his daily life. Possessing the Pearl of Great Price in one sense all things would have become new, and yet outwardly the things themselves would not be different. His hut, his food, his dress, would all be as before, and if these external circumstances in no way affect the reality of a Christian man's life, why should they be considered inconsistent or even unsuitable for such as are admitted to Holy Orders. In many parts of the Mission Field," he pointed out, "it seems considered necessary, if a convert is to be prepared for the ministry, to take care to imbue him, during a long

course of training, with English tastes and habits, to surround him with the artificial wants of our nineteenth century, and to cut him off from all his former associations and sympathies. And thus the giant strength of heathenism is sought to be overcome by the green withs of a modern education, and the new ropes of Western civilization. Thus too," he urged, "the 'native' minister would soon be as expensive as the European, while, if he were really native, something like £7 or £8 per annum would give him comparative independence, and after a while his converts might be expected to support their own minister. So again the heathen will not suspect Christianity of being a crusade against all they hold dear, on seeing that the preachers of the new religion in no way differ from themselves, save in the purity of their lives and steadfastness of their faith; the rising faith would not be regarded as a mere exotic."

In accordance with this teaching the Universities' Mission still boasts of having "no niggers." A nigger is a black man who wears a coat and trousers—our people in their picturesque and suitable native dress are simply native Africans, and we take care not to denationalize them in any way we can help. A great feature in the support of the Mission schools in Zanzibar, and now throughout the area of the two dioceses of Likoma and Zanzibar, has been the assignment of special children to special patrons in England. This scheme was part of Bishop Tozer's system. At first £6 a year was considered sufficient to maintain a native boy or girl. Any person, or parish, or Sunday school, or other association that could be responsible for this sum could have a child of their own: they could choose the child's name, and have reports from time to time of his or her progress. This plan first took root in the parish of Horsham, and now hundreds of children are supported by it, and it is believed that in many cases the patrons at home take a godfatherly interest through life in their African children.

The cholera had seemed a terrible visitation, but in 1872, a still greater infliction fell upon Zanzibar and the

little mission party, which was then welcoming once more Miss Tozer for a few months' visit. This was the terrible hurricane, of which we give Miss Tozer's own graphic description.

"Sunday, April 14th.

"It had been a squally day, with much rain, and at 11 p.m. it began to blow hard. Our roof, which, like the other large houses here, is covered with sheets of corrugated iron, made a terrific noise, and kept the Bishop and some of his boys up all night attempting various measures for securing the portions which the violent winds had loosened. At 6 a.m. on Monday the sea was in commotion, and so high that the beach had almost disappeared, the spray flying over the houses, and the flags of the several Consulates torn in shreds soon after they were hoisted. In an hour more the flagstaffs all blew down or were broken off, and by ten o'clock our kitchen, a detached building, was partly unroofed and sheets of corrugated iron were flying out to sea in every direction; the gale now blowing from S. to S.W. Our south rooms were now flooded, our staircase running like a cascade, the little children were huddled together in the most sheltered angle, watching the fearful sheets of iron as they were peeled off and driven away on the gale like paper, occasionally coming down into the quadrangle with an awful crash. The lightning at times was very vivid, but we could not hear the thunder from the incessant clatter, roar, and clamour around and above, which resembled a cannonade of artillery. We could hardly hear ourselves speak. The roof was gone from three sides of the square by one o'clock, and it was about half-past one when the gale suddenly subsided, leaving us exhausted and breathless. As the spray and mist cleared away, we looked out anxiously at the shipping. Nearly every vessel was dismantled or had disappeared. We believed the worst was over and had begun to bale out water, etc., when a gust that no one in Zanzibar will ever forget, suddenly seized the town, this time from the north. It is hardly too much

to say that every shutter and window in the place was blown in, or carried away instantly. I was in my room, from which I escaped with the help of some of our biggest boys: the Bishop had to exert all his strength to get out of the sitting-room (which faces north); and meeting me in the corridor, where at this moment the end shutters, which had been barricaded with boxes and planks, were blown in, we had much ado to escape through a pair of heavy doors into the inner corridor, where we crouched into the solitary corner which was any way sheltered on this side of the house—two of the boys, terrified out of their senses, with us. The hurricane had burst upon us in all its fury. We sat watching with a sort of fascination the only piece of roof that was left, of which we had a full view; and as each sheet of iron in turn flapped up, rose in the air, and after a horrid suspense, came flying down within a few feet of us, we could only pray in our utter helplessness that a mightier hand would shield us from the danger. One swerve of the sharp iron sheet and we must have been killed. Some of them flew away out of sight; but the greater number came down into the quadrangle past our shelter place with a crash and clang that made our poor boys quiver and tremble in every limb.

"In the lull of the gale which was the centre of the cyclone—Dr. Steere had gone to his little house, so we were absolutely alone; for though the bishop made two attempts to get downstairs and see how the rest of the household were bestowed, he was driven back each time; nor could he open a door in our corridor to see how our solitary invalid, Mr. Pennell, was bearing the storm. We had succeeded in the beginning in covering him with a ground sheet, but the room fronted north, and it was impossible to open the door in the face of the gale.

"There was nothing to be done but wait for whatever might happen. We did not say much, except to console the children; and hardly took our eyes off the dreadful corner where the last of the roof still hung. What might be going on among the girls on the other side of the quadrangle, we could not guess. There was no means

of communicating in the pitiless roar of that awful, incessant hurly-burly.

"It might be five o'clock when the storm had so far abated that we could open a door and get a sight through the blinding mist and spray of the town and sea. What a view! The *Abydos* was the only thing visible. The harbour was swept clean of every mast and hull. Far away on the distant reefs we could make out the Sultan's ships, lying wrecked and broken; one of his steamers on the Melinde shore completely smashed; the large English ship *Lobelia*, on shore, beating backwards and forwards, a piteous sight. No news of the *Adèle* till next day, and then, as we feared, she proved to be a total wreck on the other side of the French island; her crew all lost. Several bodies were washed ashore. I have not heard particulars.

"The sea view was sufficiently sad, but on land things were even worse: not a house seemed uninjured; the native huts were swept away, the streets blocked up with iron-sheeting, stones, and stores, our out-buildings entirely gone, the wall and entrance-gate flat, our boat, which hung on davits from the sea-wall, was lying in the street about eighty feet from its original position; the front rooms, including the chapel, with all our new Easter presents, utterly soaked, ruined, filled with sand and water. From our windows we could see half-houses standing up, with neither walls nor roof, the whole town a ruin; and so sunset came, and darkness, and thankfully we heard the gusts becoming less frequent and the gale evidently decreasing.

"We had just assembled in the least exposed room, and were trying to arrange some plan of sleeping, after what seemed to have been a week of watching and labour, when a boy came to say the sea-wall was down! This proved to be true, alas! and nearly the whole of our terrace was washed away, the tide rising and beating against our house in a way to threaten its foundations. There was a hurried consultation, and it was decided that we must leave instantly. In the darkness and storm, the Bishop carried our invalid downstairs, through

the ruins, and into the neighbouring house of Mr. Rieck, which, being farther inland, was safe, although only one room in the whole house was habitable. We all followed by degrees, and were made welcome by the hospitable German merchants, who did all they could to insure us a little rest; but it was a strange and eventful night.

"In the morning we began to realize our losses. Our bell-turret and bell, the gift of Lady Franklin, fell in the first part of the storm: two dismal tolls gave us notice of our loss. I think we feel the ruin of our chapel most. So many beautiful things had just come in time for Easter, the gifts of various kind friends; and now the chapel is not only empty, but the very access to it cut off by the fall of the sea-wall, and it must be months before we can look forward to rebuilding this. Our very books are gone; in fact, it is like beginning the world again. The want of water is one of our troubles; our beautiful tanks, the admiration of the town, are destroyed, and we shall have to buy water as in the old days of six years ago, when the work here was only beginning."

The Bishop writes—

"When God afflicts us, may we have grace to bow our heads meekly and patiently. On Monday a cyclone raged over this unhappy island, and has left everything a complete wreck. The scene of desolation on every side is the most piteous sight I ever beheld. I suppose a cannonade would have more utterly destroyed the larger buildings, but it could not have so entirely left thousands and thousands of poor creatures so wholly without house or home. . . . It is marvellous that we are, as we are, all mercifully spared in life and limb. The Mission losses are heavy, and, of course, it throws us back in many ways; but yet it is not well to speak as though God's work were at all circumscribed by events such as these, and I dare say, as days go on, we shall see some merciful purpose in what has happened."

All the Mission party were safe; but the desolation was piteous, and the wreck and ruin, but too visible everywhere, were enough to dishearten the bravest. Fortunately they had not time to sit down and lament,

there was so much to be done. And it was cheering, the Bishop wrote, to mark with what steady thoughtfulness and unselfishness every one worked. When the excitement was over, and the absolute necessity for action gone, the Bishop broke down. Hand and head both failed, and he became unfit for any mental exertion. The strain of four years, marked by exceptionally heavy calamities and trials, had been enough to crush any man, however strong and elastic. The last blow, and, perhaps, the severest of all, came upon him while he was himself in a shattered state. On June 26th, occurred the death of his most valued friend and fellow worker, Lewin Pennell.

A Devonshire man like himself, an Oxford friend, he has also been described as one of the saintliest of men, and his Bishop knew better than any one else with what zeal and steadfast devotion, with what courage and never-flagging perseverance, with what faith and utter forgetfulness of self, he had worked from the day of his landing in Zanzibar. There is in the church of Cheriton Bishop, near Exeter, an interesting brass to Lewin Pennell's memory. In the upper part Bishop Tozer is represented administering to his dying friend, below there is the scene of the funeral procession by sea, while between there comes the inscription. Other deaths in the Mission staff during Tozer's episcopate had been Rev. G. E. and Mrs. Drayton, within a fortnight of each other, in 1867; Rev. Lewis Frazer in 1868, and Rev. C. Handcock in 1870. The latter died of sunstroke very shortly after his arrival. Not a few also had had to retire, finding the climate too much for them. Soon after Pennell's death the Bishop went for rest to the Seychelles, feeling that there was nothing for it but to resign his life's work, his powers to carry it on having so sadly failed. By the suggestion of the Bishop of London, this step was deferred till he could obtain medical advice at home. However, in April, 1873, he was obliged to lay down the headship of the Mission.

For the next six years Bishop Tozer made his home in London. So far as his health allowed, he helped his old

Diocesan, Bishop Jackson, and was often to be seen at the services of St. Andrew's, Wells Street. In 1879 he was persuaded to attempt episcopal work once more, and he returned to the tropics, though on the opposite side of the globe, to take the oversight of the Dioceses of Jamaica and Honduras. However, in about a year's time his health again gave way, and his memory began to fail. For twelve months longer he tried Honduras alone, and then had to leave the West Indies altogether, and returned to London. In the year 1888 the Bishop of Lincoln pressed him to try a parochial sphere in his old diocese, and he became vicar of South Ferriby. Here he threw himself into the work with his old vigour. He soon reseated the church, and improved it in many ways; he seemed settling down to a new life's work, when, once more, all had to be thrown up. His resignation was unique, and quite characteristic. He had comfortably furnished the Parsonage—set up a waggonette, horse, etc., but he returned to London with his typewriter and one portmanteau, leaving everything else to his successor.

About 1892 or 1893 a stroke of paralysis reduced still further his waning powers. However, he was able to get about, and in his declining days he seemed to be attracted once more to the haunts of his youth. He generally lived now in lodgings, often in Exeter or Dawlish. With some of his old friends he kept up a correspondence, and he occasionally visited some acquaintances, but otherwise his seemed a very solitary life. He had fairly ample means at his disposal, but he probably lived on about £150 a year and gave all the rest away. His self-denying liberality was a marked trait in his character. A clergyman who visited him occasionally in his last years says of him: "I never saw so striking an instance of detachment from the world. He often came here, would generally go to fresh lodgings, seemed to form no new friendships, and had no worldly belongings, and generally the only thing in the room not belonging to the landlady was his Bible, and perhaps, one or two books. But when our

church was being restored (he seldom missed a daily service) he gave largely to the restoration — over £100."

About the end of 1898 another stroke still further enfeebled him, and deprived him of speech; but it was not till June 17th that the end came in his Exeter lodgings, almost under the shadow of the newly-restored Church of St. David's, and in its churchyard he rests. The funeral was carefully provided for by his own directions to be such as befitted a bishop of the Church. It took place at 8 a.m. in St. Michael's Church, the burial service being followed by a celebration of Holy Communion, both being fully choral. Thence, through the streets to St. David's churchyard the body was borne on a hand bier, with violet pall and no flowers whatever. A cross-bearer headed the procession of choir, clergy, and mourners, while the Benedicite, sung *en route*, had a very solemn effect. The Bishop's resting-place is marked, as he desired, by two plain, rather rough, stone crosses, the only inscription being "H W. G. T.," but the slab connecting the two crosses is shadowed by a crozier and mitre in ironwork.

Other bishops of the Universities Mission—Mackenzie, Steere, Smythies, Maples—may have led heroic efforts amid more stirring scenes, but Tozer, too, has left behind him the memory of a life, whether in active ministry or in beneficent retirement, equally devoted to the service of God.

THE END.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.

MISSION HEROES.

A Series of Lives of the Principal Workers in the Mission Field.

Henry Martyn, as a Translator of the Perfect Life. By the Rev. J. HAMMOND, LL.B., B.A.

Bishop Broughton, of Australia. By the Rev. Canon BAILEY. With Portrait.

Bishop Cotton, of India.

Bishop Feild, of Newfoundland.

Bishop Gray.

Bishop Mackenzie. By the Rev. E. HERMITAGE DAY. With Portrait.

Bishop Patteson, Missionary, Bishop, and Martyr.

Bishop Selwyn.

Bishop Steere, of Zanzibar.

Bishop Caldwell, of Tinnevelly. By the Rev. E. HERMITAGE DAY. With Portrait.

Bishop Smythies. By the Rev. E. HERMITAGE DAY. With Portrait.

Chauncy Maples, Second Bishop of Likoma. By the Rev. E. HERMITAGE DAY. With Portrait.

Bishop Tozer. By a Worker in the Universities Mission to Central Africa.

James Alfred Colbeck. A Short Memoir by his Brother.

Crown 8vo, One Penny each.
Volume containing the first nine, cloth boards, One Shilling.